

SLAYER CHATTED WITH LIVERMORE AFTER WIFE DIED

Speculator Did Not Know Then That Brother-in-Law Was a Murderer.

BELIEVES HE'S INSANE.

Prisoner in Court Admits the Crime, but Denies Intent to Kill the Woman.

(Special to The Evening World.)

BOSTON, Sept. 4.—While the dismembered corpse of the woman he had murdered was scattered about two houses, Chester S. Jordan, the perpetrator of the most ghastly butchery in the history of this State, went about his business as usual yesterday and joked as he sat at luncheon with his brother-in-law, Jesse L. Livermore, the famous New York cotton speculator.

This disclosure regarding the conduct of the self-confessed wife murderer, three hours before his arrest, is the most amazing of to-day's developments in the story, next only to the gruesome crime itself.

Mr. Livermore arrived here yesterday forenoon with his wife, the prisoner's sister, on his yacht, the *Venetia*, after a cruise along the Maine coast. About noon he went to the office of R. S. Barrows, a broker, where Chester Jordan had desk room. There the New Yorker found his stalwart young brother-in-law smoking cigarettes and chatting with casual callers in the most composed way.

Jordan and a third man were the guests of Livermore for luncheon in a Newspaper Row restaurant. While Jordan did not eat much, he was perfectly matter-of-fact in his manner and discussed a wide variety of subjects.

In the middle of the afternoon, Jordan, still absolutely calm and self-possessed, parted from his brother-in-law and rode in a street car to the house in Hancock street, where the policeman found him a little later sitting alongside the steamer trunk that contained his victim's hacked and mangled torso.

Livermore is going to spend a part of what fortune he has left after the recent cotton slump in trying to save from the electric chair his brother-in-law.

Already it is settled that a plea of insanity will be the defense offered in behalf of the man who killed his wife, chopped her up and carried parts of the body about with him for forty-eight hours.

Mr. Livermore has already retained Attorney William S. Scharton for the defense. It is further stated that the Livermores and the members of the murderer's immediate family, who are prominent in society at Somerville, will be able to show that, as far back as six weeks ago, he showed pronounced signs of mental derangement.

Arrested at His Home.

Jordan was arrested by the Boston police last night, after he had brought the trunk with the mutilated torso from his home, No. 509 Bedford street, Somerville. He came here, hoping to sail for New York with his gruesome trunkload. He believed he could drop the trunk and its contents from the steamer Harvard, and that his crime would never be discovered. He probably would have succeeded had not the steamer Harvard met with an accident which prevented her from making the regular trip yesterday morning.

On his arrival here from Somerville Jordan engaged George W. Collins, a hackman, to take his trunk to the South Station, where he intended boarding the train for New York, after he found that the Harvard would not sail.

Driver Was Suspicious.

He changed his mind, however, and purchasing a ticket on the Cunard steamer Ivernia, which sails to-day for Liverpool, again called the same hackman and had him take the trunk to a boarding-house. When the trunk was taken into the house Jordan accompanied it and set on the trunk smoking a cigarette while he talked with the landlady.

Jordan then went off and bought a roll of wire, wire hoppers and eight window weights, which he described as

"sinkers," and several sheets of heavy wrapping paper. With these he intended to wrap up the parts of the body of his wife, weight them and throw them into the Charles River. The weights, paper and wire were found on a mantel in the room with the trunk.

The cabman became suspicious about the contents while carrying the trunk into the house. His weight made him think it contained stolen silverware, and the nervous manner of Jordan satisfied him the man was a burglar. There have been many robberies of silverware recently and the hack driver, believing he was on the trail of the thief, went to the police and told them the room in the house to which he had carried it.

Police Find Trunk.

Sgt. Michael Crowley was detailed to go to the Hancock street house and investigate. About 6:30 o'clock Jordan returned and on being accosted in the hallway by the officer at first denied his identity. Later he admitted who he was.

Jordan did not appear nervous or alarmed, but hesitated to open the trunk, and it was not until after considerable argument on the part of the officer that he produced the key to the trunk and inserted it in the lock.

Turning his head to one side so he could not see inside the trunk, Jordan threw up the cover and then sank back on his knees, burying his face in his hands and sobbing.

Confesses His Crime.

Sgt. Crowley staggered back aghast at the sight disclosed. In the open trunk before him lay a sickening mass of hacked flesh, a woman's torso filling the greater part of the trunk, while pieces of flesh from other parts of the body were stuffed into the corners, the entire interior of the trunk being bespattered with blood.

There was no covering of any sort over the remains. Jordan submitted without protest to the handcuffs and was led to Station No. 3 and locked up. Giving his name and address he declared the body in the trunk was that of his wife, and appeared perfectly willing to tell the officers everything concerning the case.

The confession of the husband was believed to be a substantial recital of the incidents of the brutal crime, but several minor details of his confession conflicted with each other and his story was unconnected in parts. He also gave a plausible reason in a remark by his wife which was incited, according to his story, by her belief that he was unfaithful.

He stated that following her epithet he struck her, knocking her down a flight of stairs. He claimed that this blow was the only cause by which he is responsible, as far as he knows, for her death, as following that he remembered nothing until the next morning, when on awakening he found her body at the foot of the stairs.

At this latter time, however, his wife's neck was slashed from ear to ear.

On this portion of his confession the police placed the least credence, and their efforts in to-day's investigation are centered in a search for another stronger motive. A medical examiner carefully examined the body for marks of the blow which caused her death.

The evidence of the gashing of the neck was plain, and it was believed that this caused the woman's death, but Jordan's denial of any knowledge of this act made the matter one for close attention. His story of aphasia following the blow which knocked Mrs. Jordan down the stairs is also a point upon which the police have laid particular stress in their instructions to the medical examiner during the latter's examination of Jordan himself, as it was supposed that he might be a victim of drugs. This latter idea he denies. The alleged insanity may account for some of the lapses in his confession, although, as a whole, it was remarkably clear.

When brought before Justice J. H. Butler in the Somerville Police Court this forenoon Jordan entered the formal plea of not guilty to the charge of having murdered his wife. The newly hired lawyer was with him.

The case was continued until Friday, Sept. 11, and Jordan was remanded to jail.

Jordan was Mrs. Honoria Eddy, whose maiden name was O'Hara, and whose home was in Somerville in September, 1907. Jordan did not know who his wife's first husband was or what had become of him.

The couple went on the vaudeville stage. Jordan, according to her husband, had taken to drinking of late, and he says, was associating with other men, and he became jealous. The murder was prompted by jealousy, the police say.

MRS. GREAVES GETS DIVORCE.

Justice Bischoff, in the Supreme Court to-day, signed a final decree of divorce in favor of Florence L. Greaves from William Horner Greaves. The couple were married in 1901. Acts of infidelity at Saratoga during the racing season were alleged by the plaintiff, whose maiden name was Florence L. Burns.

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Broadway Fire That Trapped 400; One of the Girls Who Was a Heroine

(Photographed Especially for The Evening World by a Staff Artist.)



MARY LINKER.

COLLIER AJAX AND STEAMER CRASH AT MELBOURNE

War Craft With Battleships Badly Damaged, but No Lives Are Lost.

MELBOURNE, Sept. 4.—The American collier Ajax, which is accompanying the fleet, was in collision in the harbor today with the steamer Laura. Both vessels were badly damaged, but there was no loss of life.

75-YEAR-OLD CAR DRIVER LOST.

Police Headquarters was asked today to look for Michael Ryan, seventy-five years old, said to be a horse car driver, who has been missing from his home, No. 43 West Fifty-seventh street, since Aug. 27. He is five feet seven inches tall, weighs 145 pounds and has gray hair. When last seen he wore a dark suit, black soft hat and black shoes, socks and gaiters.

Girls Leap for Life in Fire on Broadway That Entraps 400

(Continued from First Page.)

them all to the roof and ordered them to stay there until the policemen and firemen came up.

The roof of the burning building rises five stories above the roof of No. 55, the seven-story adjoining structure. The marooned girls remained cool at this perilous altitude until a smother of smoke puffed up to them.

Girls Began to Jump.

Thereupon a dozen or more lost their heads. The Kessler girl was the first to jump, and she landed in a heap and rolled over unconscious. Then another girl, known to her companions as Lizzie, leaped and struck on her feet, toppling over upon the unconscious Kessler girl.

She suffered no other damage than a sprained ankle, and was carried down by men employed in the seven-story building.

Seven other girls, unable to control their panic, made the dangerous leap, landing upon one another in a scrambled heap. That none of these were injured was astonishing, considering the distance they fell.

The panic on the roof was just developing when Chief Naughton and his men rushed up and picked up the

crized girls bodily and passed them down through the roof opening.

All the way down the building, on fire escape or in stairway, and in the midst of blinding smoke, policemen and firemen were working desperately, and roughly too, for there was no time to be lost.

Also the three dauntless youngsters who rode the elevators were sticking to their posts like heroes, going up and down unflinchingly through smoke and howling noise.

Young Heroes Suffered.

The clones of the three boys were in tatters before their work had ended, and Chief Naughton called down that all the girls were out. They had been rescued and carried down to the street, but not one of the three had manifested the slightest symptom of quitting. Policemen and firemen joined in praising the trio of plucky youths.

It was not until the entire building had been cleared—and the cleared area done in a dozen minutes—that the fire-fighters tackled the actual fire, burst open the windows and poured a flood upon the burning. Then great billows of smoke belched over the immense crowd that thronged Broadway on one side and jammed into Sineboise alley on the other.

It looked for a while as if the entire roof of the building would go. It didn't. There was an army of fire-fighters on the 300 and they held the base to two floors—the fifth and sixth—and had it out in half an hour.

Girl Tells of Stampede.

Mary Linker, fifteen years old, gave the alarm on the tenth floor. She is the youngest of the girls who were trapped.

"I was just supposed to look out the window," said Mary to an Evening World reporter. "I saw the smoke coming from the fourth floor and I called to Mr. Sutor. He gathered all the girls into line in all and led us to the stairs."

"But the smoke came up and choked us and we had to go to the seventh floor. The stairway was jammed and all the elevators were filled and hundreds of girls fighting to get down. Then some of the girls started crying and crying, 'Go to the roof,' and the jam became worse."

"I know we had to do something, and so I came on, girls. I said, 'I cried, and we forced our way into an office on the seventh floor. I looked out the window and saw the smoke coming from the fourth floor and I called to Mr. Sutor. He gathered all the girls into line in all and led us to the stairs.'

"I landed on my feet and almost hit my tongue out, but got up smiling and said, 'Come on, girls. I saw the smoke coming from the fourth floor and I called to Mr. Sutor. He gathered all the girls into line in all and led us to the stairs.'

"Then I put my hands on the ledge and let myself down and dropped. I landed safely and called up again to the other girls. They hesitated a moment and then began to come down. My little cousin, Christina, Kessler, was feeling kind of faint, and was being held by her cousin, Lizzie, at the window ledge. 'Let her go,' I shouted to Lizzie, and Christina, instead of dropping, was bruised a little, but not badly. Lizzie followed and the others followed her. Then the people in that

The fire damage was estimated at \$100,000 by fire and \$100,000 by water. All Broadway cars in both directions were blocked by a great crowd of spectators. The windows of the collier were filled with people watching the escape of the hundreds of girls.

SAKANA WINNER OF NINETY-THREE MILE OCEAN RACE

Atlantic Yacht Club Event to Fire Island Closes in Drifting Match.

Although the yawl Sakana owned by J. & W. Haviland crossed the finish line last in the ninety-three mile ocean race for the Frederick Thompson Cup, held under the auspices of the Atlantic Yacht Club her time allowance of 3 hours and 15 minutes gave her first place in the long struggle, and possession of the handsome trophy.

The *Manosia* III, owned by Charles Wainwright, nosed in second, while the *Maidie*, owned by T. W. Childs, got third place. The first yacht to cross the finish line was the *Gardenia*, L. Hedia's fleet craft. She led the others in what proved to be a drifting contest in the last stages of the contest, and crossed the line at 11:24. Her time allowance was 25 minutes.

Not a mishap marked the long-drawn-out contest. The yachts, skillfully handled by their masters, raced all night, shortly before noon running for the line one after the other there was a great fleet of yachts out to welcome their return to the Atlantic Yacht Club's anchorage.

Following is a table of the yachts, their owners and the time of the finish of each:

Yacht	Owner	Time
Sakana	J. & W. Haviland	10:47:09
Manosia III	Charles Wainwright	10:48:41
Maidie	T. W. Childs	10:50:33
Gardenia	L. Hedia	11:24:00
Manosia	Charles Wainwright	11:25:33
Maidie	T. W. Childs	11:26:00
Gardenia	L. Hedia	11:26:00
Manosia	Charles Wainwright	11:26:00
Maidie	T. W. Childs	11:26:00
Gardenia	L. Hedia	11:26:00

STANDARD OIL MAN CHALLENGED TO FIGHT DUEL

Fiery Southern Witness Represents Attack at Government Hearing Before Referee.

Just before the Standard Oil hearing before Referee Ferris in the Customs House building adjourned late this afternoon, there was a lively encounter between H. C. Woodson of Georgia and Lawyer Morley Rosenthal, senior counsel for the Standard Oil Co. It developed that a former employer had purchased some Standard Oil papers and turned them over to the Government. Mr. Rosenthal accused Mr. Woodson of being a traitor to his country.

He asked witness when he soiled the papers.

The witness protested that in the South they didn't know what the word "steal" meant.

The Standard attorney rejoined that the South they didn't know what the word "steal" meant.

Immediately the Georgian jumped to his feet and challenged Mr. Rosenthal to fight a duel, but bloodied was averted, the Standard's lawyer asserting that he was too busy.

An adjournment was taken at this point until Tuesday morning.

BROOKLYN

(Continued from First Page.)

Dahlen to Hannifin to McGinn. Lewis drove a grounder to Latham and was the third out. NO RUNS.

Third Inning.

Bates fouled out to Bergen. Beaumont flied to Bergen. McGinn's fly in short left was taken by Lewis. NO RUNS.

Sheehan contributed a single to center. Graham made a great catch of Bergen's foul fly. McIntyre struck out. Sheehan flied to center. Burch flied to right. NO RUNS.

Fourth Inning.

Dahlen patted a fly to Hummel. Sweeney hit to right center for two bases, and scored. Graham's timely single to center, Hannifin fouled out to Jordan. Tuckey struck out. ONE RUN.

McMillan loosed the ball to left for a bag, but was forced at second by Hummel. Sweeney to Hannifin. A wild pitch sent Hummel to second. Jordan was called out on strikes. Alperman was thrown out by Dahlen. NO RUNS.

Fifth Inning.

Brown's fly near the pitcher's box was caught by Bergen. Jordan snatched Bates's high grounder and retired him unassisted. Beaumont was disposed of on his hot grounder by Lewis and Jordan. NO RUNS.

Lewis soaked a grounder to Dahlen and died at first. Sheehan walked. Bergen singled. Sheehan going to second. McIntyre also singled, scoring. Sheehan. Burch flied to Graham. McMillan went out. Hannifin to McGinn. ONE RUN.

Sixth Inning.

McGinn was thrown out by Sheehan. Dahlen out. Alperman to Jordan.

Seventh Inning.

Graham bunted out. McIntyre to Jordan. Hannifin flied to Lewis. Tuckey forced Hannifin. McIntyre to Lewis. Brown fouled Tuckey. Lewis to Alperman. NO RUNS.

Eighth Inning.

Bates bunted safely. Beaumont sacrificed. McIntyre to Jordan. McGinn flied to Jordan. NO RUNS.

BRIDE DONS HER WEDDING DRESS AND ENDS LIFE

Mrs. Louis Yarsas, Only Sixteen Years Old, Fires Bullet Into Her Heart.

Mrs. Louis Yarsas, sixteen years old, married for only eight months, to-day arrayed herself in her wedding dress and ended her life with a pistol at her home, No. 163 East Twenty-second street, Bayonne, N. J.

The husband is only twenty years old and is employed in the Standard Oil works at Bayonne. He left his wife this morning as usual to go to work, and she kissed him the same as she did on other days. He says there was nothing in her actions to indicate that she contemplated suicide.

As soon as her husband had left the house the young bride must have started preparations for death, as the breakfast dishes were found unwashed on the table. She got out her wedding dress, which she had not worn since her wedding night, and carefully arrayed herself in it, and she also put on white shoes and stockings. Then she locked all the doors and bolted the windows in the apartment and went to her bedroom. She then lay on the bed and shot herself through the heart.

Her husband returned to the house a few minutes after noon for his lunch. He was surprised to find the door locked. He asked a neighbor if she had seen his wife, but she hadn't. Then he became alarmed and raised a small boy over the transom and the boy opened the door. Yarsas rushed into the bedroom and there found his wife dead.

Yarsas said his domestic life had been a very happy one and there was no reason for his wife to end her life. The only reason he could give for the suicide was that the fact that she was soon to become a mother preyed on her mind.

BONNELL WOMAN DETAINED IN THE RUSTIN MURDER

Sent to Jail Until Inquest on Admission That She Was With the Victim.

OMAHA, Neb., Sept. 4.—Leona Bonnell was arrested this afternoon in connection with the murder of Dr. Frederick Rustin. She will be detained at the city jail until the inquest, next Tuesday.

No charge has been made against the woman, but she has admitted she was the last person in the company of Dr. Rustin before he reached his home on the night he was killed, and she is held pending developments.

The police early to-day intimated that the guilty person in the murder mystery may be placed in custody any time. Several insurance companies which carried insurance on the life of Rustin have taken a hand in the investigation and several private detectives are now at work on the case.

Leona Bonnell, in an interview to-day, stated her real name was Mrs. Rice, and that her parents and husband lived in Los Angeles. She has not lived with her husband for some time, but is not divorced. She says her acquaintance with Dr. Rustin extended over several months, but she had known him only as any other patient would know a physician.

The members of the coroner's jury went to the Rustin home to-day and viewed the body and the surroundings. They will hold an inquest Tuesday.

Sweeney was retired by Lewis and Jordan. NO RUNS.

Hummel went out. Dahlen to McGinn. Jordan was tossed out by Tuckey. Alperman flied out to Hannifin. NO RUNS.

Seventh Inning.

Graham bunted out. McIntyre to Jordan. Hannifin flied to Lewis. Tuckey forced Hannifin. McIntyre to Lewis. Brown fouled Tuckey. Lewis to Alperman. NO RUNS.

Eighth Inning.

Bates bunted safely. Beaumont sacrificed. McIntyre to Jordan. McGinn flied to Jordan. NO RUNS.

Ninth Inning.

Sweeney flied to Burch. Graham out. Lewis to Jordan. Hannifin out. McIntyre flied to Jordan. NO RUNS.

Jordan singled. Maloney ran for Jordan. Alperman sacrificed. Graham to McGinn. Lewis flied to Bates. Sheehan out. Sweeney to McGinn. NO RUNS.

Official Voting Coupon.

This Coupon Entitles the Holder to Cast One Vote for the Most Popular Man in Greater New York for the Post of the Year.

MARDI GRAS FESTIVAL AT CONY ISLAND, Will Be Crowned KING AND QUEEN of the Carnival of the Age of Progress Week of Sept. 14.

i vote for.....for King (or Queen)

Contest Closes 12 Noon Sept. 10, 1908.

H. G. Grady, President.

Mail VOTES to EVENING WORLD MARDI GRAS FESTIVAL, P. O. Box 100, 100 Broadway, New York.

For VOTE may be handed in at The World's various branches: Bronx, 408 E. 149th St.; Uptown, 1898 Broadway; Harlem, 249 W. 125th St.; Brooklyn, 255 Washington St. and Palliser Building, Park Row, N. Y.

BIG BAT CAUSES A SCRAMBLE ON LINER AT SEA

Virginia "Leatherwing" Flies Into Salon of La Provence Off Nantucket.

Until last night, La Provence, of the French Line, had a most uninteresting trip coming over. There was a big passenger list—1194 persons, with 600 in the cabin.

But after dinner last night Hermann, the magician, was entertaining a lot of his fellow travelers in the salon with some deep-sea parlor tricks, when something that was big and quick and russet brown fell in through the main companionway and began to circle about above the heads of the audience. For a minute everybody thought it was one of Hermann's new feats, but somebody who got a good look at the thing as it hovered over a chandelier yelled "Bat!" and at that some of the ladies screamed and fled. The others joined with the men in trying to capture the creature. Even the aged Levi P. Morton became excited and joined in the bat-hunt.

After a chase over half the ship the intruder hid itself in the stateroom of Purser Salvy-Keaty. The purser caught it and stored it in a pasteboard box with a perforated cover. It was bigger than any bat he ever saw and of a lighter color. He was going to send it to the Bronx Zoo until one of the ship newsmen, a Southerner by birth, told him that it was a "leather-wing" species of bat common enough in Kentucky and Virginia. But how it came to be flitting around the Atlantic Ocean off Nantucket is a puzzle for the naturalists to solve.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton have been abroad since April. The former Governor and former Vice-President would not talk politics. He had been away, he said, so long that he was rusty regarding public affairs here at home.

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